

Wichita Daily Eagle

W. D. HOWELLS AT HOME

BOSTON CLAIMS HIM, THOUGH HE IS NOT A CONSTANT RESIDENT.

How He Was Welcomed Into the World of Literary Workers by Lowell, Holmes and Fields—His Cultivated Wife and the Charming Atmosphere of Their Abode.

[Special Correspondence.]

BOSTON, Aug. 31.—Literary Boston, with or without her Howells, wears its rue with a difference. His residence here has been intermittent in its periods, though I fancy this city has always been "home" to him from the day that he arrived here, and what may well be termed a poetic pilgrimage, to the present time. It must have been some time early in the sixties that William Dean Howells caught his first view of the modern Athens. He had started out on a journey—not only from Ohio to Massachusetts, as he then fancied—but that journey of life from which one may go on, but can never go back. It is the unending law of evolution, of progress, of the eternal flow.

The young visitor had given hostages to fortune in the guise of six poems, which had appeared in The Atlantic Monthly. At twenty-three he was standing, half consciously, on the threshold of his kingdom, but the literary tribunal that had pledged him this recognition of his power, their convictions that he had a future, could yet have little dreamed that in the young poet there was that latent power which should enter into and transform American literature.

Yet—such is the power of the unconscious in life to assume rhythmic and fitting form—this new era of literary activity was appropriately ushered in. Mr. Lowell gave a dinner in honor of the young poet, at which Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and James T. Fields were the other two guests, and it was here that the distinguished host remarked:

"This is the laying on of hands; it is a literary apostolic succession."

As a pictorial book this is one to live in literary history. Out of ways simple and quiet had he come; a country home of refined sweetness and simplicity; from this, thrilled by the unconscious dreams of genius, he had come into the light of the public square which alone tests the statue. The early home life of Mr. Howells had been that of hard thinking and plain living. It seems to have been a home furnished with ideals if not with bric-a-brac and virtu, and an imaginative atmosphere is more stimulating than any wealth of bijouterie.

Within a few years after Mr. Howells' arrival in this city he received the appointment of consul to Venice. Going abroad he met a beautiful and graceful woman, Miss Eleanor Mead, a sister of the well-known sculptor, Larkin K. Mead, and wood and wool her, and they were married in Paris. As a bride she went to Venice, where they set up housekeeping in a dog's palace, and lived in an enchanted atmosphere of sunshine and song, and here was born their eldest child, Winifred, "the child of exquisite ideals"—the poet daughter.



IN HIS LIBRARY.

ter, whose early death has left in the household that "silence that echoes through the house."

Mr. Howells returned and edited The Atlantic Monthly for some years, but the family were more or less sojourners abroad, and some time in New York city, before they came last year to the home they have since occupied in Boston. Their earlier Boston residence was on the water side of Beacon street, one or two doors from Dr. Holmes' house, and the interesting library is shown in the picture.

Then they had a suburban home at Belmont, some ten miles out from Boston—a house of wonderful charm and stately beauty.

On their latest return to Boston they took a large apartment in a fashionable hotel on that magnificent thoroughfare, Commonwealth avenue, with its double boulevard and its splendidly landscaped park and statue between the two broad drives. From the drawing room windows is an enchanting view of the sunset from the western end of the avenue, where, silhouetted against the sky, is Miss Anne Whitney's statue of Lord Ellenborough. Near the statue of Garrison and others, and across the street live families of historic name. The Howells family took premier floor.

In the drawing room they hung an original water color by Fortuny, presented to Mr. Howells, with a special little history of its own: a picture by Howells, and one by Alma-Tadema, with "To My Dear Howells" in the artist's writing in the corner, and many other bits of artistic value and association. In an adjoining room some old pictures from Florence were displayed, and out of the larger room is a delightful little alcove furnished with a sofa and a writing desk.

Mr. and Mrs. Howells will not, however, remain in Boston. They returned from New York to be near the only son, John Howells, who graduated from Harvard this year, and is now to study architecture with his uncle, of the celebrated firm of Mead, McKim & Co. The family includes only this son and one daughter, Mildred, so pleasantly known to the reading world as the "little girl among the old masters," in that most unique of art books bearing this title. "The little girl" is a tall, slender maiden now. A graceful, gifted girl, who enjoyed her first season last year with all the zest of the debutante.

Miss Howells is called a beauty and a belle, but with this she is more—a brilliant girl intellectually, with cultivated artistic and literary tastes, and with much of that atmosphere of poetic enchantment about her that should characterize a young girl. Mrs. Howells is always in delicate health, but she is so sprightly, so captivating, so full of charm that one forgets to inquire how she is feeling. Was it Hannah More's physician who was so beguiled by her conversation during one of his professional calls that he forgot to inquire how his patient was?

Mrs. Howells goes out very little, but is usually able to see her friends who come to her, and an hour with her is one of the utmost enchantment. She has tasted the fine flavors of art and literature and society, and is the truly cultivated woman, for cultivation and mere acquirement are two very different things. Mrs. Howells has a devotion, spirit, and that nameless sym-

pathy for which we have no adequate term, and which the Italians call simplicità.

The home life of the Howells family is full of sweetness and charm and gaiety. Wit and merriment abound, and if at an informal tea on Sunday evening, when a guest or two drops in, some one alludes to a certain passage or poem and cannot quite recall it, the book is at once taken down and the elusive phrase or line is captured. This flexible home life is so ideally enjoyable as if times and seasons were made for the family, and not the family for times and seasons, as is too often the impression one gains in a typical New England household.

Mr. Howells took for his study a room at the back of the many roomed apartment, where two sunny windows look out over the south, taking in at near range the "spiritual temple" of Boston, and afar the green hills of the Brookline hills. He does his work largely in the mornings, and in the afternoons and evenings during the season he is apt to be somewhat in evidence at receptions and dinners or in his walks and drives.

Mr. Howells is most interesting in conversation, and he replies simply and freely to all questions regarding his literary aims and convictions. He is intensely modern; he is a very earnest student of conditions and their tendencies; he looks into life on every side, and his novels are thus forming a gallery of portraiture which will, if we mistake not, embody the comedy humaine of America.

The genius of Mr. Howells is as sympathetically comprehensive as it is versatile, and whether he writes poems or romance, it is always with the soul of the poet and with the heart of the philanthropist. He unites the critical student of human nature and the polished grace of society and the world.

LILLIAN WHITING.

A ROUND MILLION.

The San California Proposes to Spend on the World's Fair.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—Always energetic always to the forefront, always enthusiastic, while at the same time prudent and conservative, always typical Americans, the people of the Pacific coast are doing their share toward the success of the Columbian exposition. In fact, it might be said with some degree of truth that they are doing something more than their share, for, according to the reports brought back by tourists who have recently traversed every section of the state, the interest that is being manifested in the country around about the Golden Gate exceeds that evidenced in Illinois—the commonwealth home of the enterprise—outside of Chicago.

The other evening the big freight elevator in the Rand McNally building came down loaded to its full capacity with packages, small and large. "That is an indication of what California is doing," said one of the attaches of the department of promotion and publicity. "Every one of those bundles contain World's fair literature, and such one goes out in response to requests. What is more, it is the third shipment of the kind that has gone out within two weeks; that will indicate what the Californians are doing."

Nor does the interest and determination appear to be confined to one particular class. Everybody is determined that California's share shall be worthy of her name and her fame. Capitalists and artists, agriculturists and tradesmen have united in putting their shoulders to the wheel. At the recent industrial exposition in the Mechanics Institute "missionary" on a large scale was accomplished, and tens of thousands of people from all parts of the state were enjoined to enter the ranks and to see to it that their respective counties should do credit to themselves. Enthusiasm also is the genial boniface in cities little and big and in country towns. Nearly all of them proudly display in a conspicuous position the beautiful lithograph in colors of Machinery hall which was recently issued by the directory, while at the same time a good supply of World's fair literature is to be found alongside their registers.

Nor will there be any lack of the "something new" for California's display. When the legislative committee on appropriations met together with the national commissioners from the state and the public spirited citizens who thus early were alive to the necessities of the occasion, a good deal of consideration was devoted to the question as to how much of a strain the farmers of the commonwealth could stand. The outcome of the conference can best, perhaps, be stated in the language of Commissioner Mead: "You see, we agreed that the legislature should first appropriate the sum of \$300,000. Then, if our people came up with their products, at the next session of the legislature we would ask for \$300,000 more, making a round half million upon which we could safely reckon."

"In addition to this we secured an amendment to the county government bill, by which each county was given the right to make an appropriation if it was so desirous. Before this, you see, we had a law which tended to prevent any such action, but by the amendment in question each county is permitted to vote any sum within its means for the proper representation of such county at the World's fair, but for that purpose only. Quite a number have already agreed to put up \$25,000, and it is thought that from this state we can count on getting anywhere from \$100,000 to \$300,000. Then we propose to go to the great corporations and railroads, and if we can get \$300,000 out of these—and we have got to do it—we shall have a grand total of a million dollars!" How is that for the Golden Gate?

The work is being done, moreover, in a systematic manner. There is nothing of the guerilla in the methods adopted; no clashing, no confusion. Every county has its own organization, with a full set of officers, and the secretary of each reports to the state commission, which holds weekly meetings in San Francisco. California, moreover, has the honor of being the first state to issue a magazine in the interest of the enterprise. The first issue of "The Californian World's Fair Magazine," devoted to the advancement of California's interests at the World's fair, and an excellently printed affair of a hundred pages turned up at headquarters the other day, and was perused with gratification by the heads of the different departments.

Largely due to the indefatigable efforts of Commissioner M. E. De Young, the application for a state building for California was among the first of those filed, and consequently the state was enabled to secure a most advantageous location. This structure will be largely devoted to displays of fruit and other products of the soil, and the manufacturing and similar exhibits will be placed in direct competition with the best in the same lines displayed in the department buildings by other states and countries instead of being outstretched in the special building. In this way the Californians will be able to ward the visitors, in all friendliness toward their competitors. "Look on this picture and on that." HENRY M. HUNT.

Novel Reading Parisians.

According to the annual report of those having charge of the free libraries in Paris, novels are the staple literature of the working classes. The librarians cannot persuade the readers to try more solid fare, and when instructive books are pressed upon the people they go away. Otherwise the Parisians thoroughly appreciate their sixty-four popular libraries, which are usually open in the evening or during the midday dinner hour. They read over 1,500,000 books in the year, and those volumes loaned out are scarcely ever lost or damaged.

Tut's Pills

Anti-Bilious Medicine.

Elegantly sugarcoated. Dose small. Price, 25 cents. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

The Light of Hope.

There's a nice clerk in a certain Detroit music store, who is not only a dreamer, but of late has become very religiously inclined. The other day a pretty girl from the country came into the store.

"Good morning," he said politely.

"Good morning," she responded. "Have you 'White Wings'?"

"I beg your pardon," he stammered.

"Have you 'White Wings'?" she repeated.

"Not yet," he answered meekly. Then hopefully, "but I expect to have some day, miss."

The girl looked at him for a second and hurriedly got out—Detroit Free Press.

Above the Snow Line.

Guest (at Chicago hotel)—I wish you would have one of the boys take my overcoat up to my room and show me the way.

Clerk—I would advise you to put it on, sir, if you are going to your room. It's on the top floor, and you'll need it before you get up there.—Clothes and Furnishers.

We send the marvelous French Remedy CALTHOS free, and a long list of other valuable medicines, to all who send for them. Address, W. L. DOUGLAS, 100 N. Main St., Boston, Mass.

EWART DETACHABLE LINK BELTING. The Best. Now the Cheapest. Send for REDUCED PRICE LIST of detachable link belting for all kinds of machinery. Address, W. L. DOUGLAS, 100 N. Main St., Boston, Mass.

Ask my agents for W. L. Douglas Shoes. If not for sale in your place ask your dealer to send for catalogue, secure the agency, and get them for you. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

FOR GENTLEMEN WHY IS THE W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY? It is a seamless shoe, with no stiff sole, and it is made of the best material, and it is made in a way that makes it last long.

\$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever made, from \$3.00 to \$5.00. Imported shoes from \$3.00 to \$5.00.

\$4.00 Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever made, from \$3.00 to \$5.00. Imported shoes from \$3.00 to \$5.00.

\$3.50 Yellow Shoe, Farmers, Railroad Men, and Letter Carriers wear them; fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy three soles, extra wide.

\$2.50 One calf, no better shoe ever offered at such a price. Imported shoes from \$3.00 to \$5.00.

\$2.25 and \$2.00 Workmen's shoes, very strong and durable. Those who have given them a trial will say no other make.

Boys' shoes, from \$1.00 to \$2.00. Imported shoes from \$3.00 to \$5.00.

Ladies' shoes, from \$1.00 to \$2.00. Imported shoes from \$3.00 to \$5.00.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Neff's Shoe Store 526 E Douglas Avenue.

Kenyon Military Academy. This old and remarkably successful school provides thorough preparation for College or Business, and careful supervision of health, habits and manners. For illustrated catalogue address LAWRENCE KENYON, Lake Forest, Ill.

Harcourt Public Seminary. A school of the highest grade for young ladies and girls. Established upon original lines, its location is most remarkable. For catalogue address the principal, MISS L. L. A. GARDNER, O. Address, 100 N. Main St., Boston, Mass.

FREE FOR MEN ONLY CURE. Vigor restored. Paris, France. Have you lost your vitality? Have you lost your strength? Have you lost your health? Have you lost your happiness? Have you lost your life? Then send for the cure. Address, W. L. DOUGLAS, 100 N. Main St., Boston, Mass.

DR. F. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER. Removes tan, freckles, moths, and all skin diseases. It is a perfect skin beautifier, and it is a perfect skin preservative. Address, W. L. DOUGLAS, 100 N. Main St., Boston, Mass.

VIGOR OF MEN. Easily, quickly, permanently restored. Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early excesses or later excesses, are cured by this medicine. Address, W. L. DOUGLAS, 100 N. Main St., Boston, Mass.

ERRORS OF YOUTH. Completely removed. Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early excesses or later excesses, are cured by this medicine. Address, W. L. DOUGLAS, 100 N. Main St., Boston, Mass.

Wichita Wholesale & Manufacturing Houses.

The houses given below are representative ones in their line, and thoroughly reliable. They are furnished thus for ready reference for the South generally, as well as for city and suburban buyers. Dealers and inquirers should correspond direct with names given.

CHICAGO LUMBER CO. Wholesale and Retail LUMBER DEALERS! Corner First Street and Lawrence Avenue. Chicago Yards, 24th and 25th Streets, Chicago. A. Smith, Salesman. Geo. L. Pratt, and Geo. W. Cross, Resident Partners.

BUTLER & GRALEY Wholesale Dealers PIECED & : : : PRESSED TINSWARE. Job Work of all kinds promptly attended to. 213 South Main, Wichita, Kan.

WICAITA PLUMBING AND PUMP CO. Manufacturers of and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of Wood, Iron and Chain Pumps, Pumps, Fittings and Plumber's Supplies. Telephone 10. Office 125 N. Market, Wichita, Kan.

SOLIDAY BROS. Manufacturers of High Grade Baking Powders, Fruit Extracts and Vinegars. Grinders of Pure Spices. Tea Importers. 127 & 129 N. Market St.

M. DERMODY & CO. PLUMBERS. Steam and Hot Water Heating. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Pumps, Plumber's Steam Fittings and Engineers Supplies. 110, 112, 114, S. Lawrence Ave. Telephone 81.

Established in 1877. Huse & Charlton Crockery Company, Importers and Jobbers of CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, PLATED-WARE and CUTLERY. 270 North Main Street, Wichita, Kansas. Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention.

THE C. E. POTTS DRUG CO. (Formerly Charles E. Potts & Co., Cincinnati, O.) WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. Goods Sold at St. Louis and Kansas City Prices. 233 and 235 South Main Street, - - - - - Wichita, Kansas.

—LEWIS B. SOLOMON— Wholesale Cigars, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, WICHITA, KANSAS.

Our leading brands of cent cigars are La Jara de Merito, La Flor de Sable, La Perle, Key Brand, and the famous Corona. Merchants who in order to receive prompt attention, all goods guaranteed. We also carry a full line of Key West Imported and Domestic Goods.

THE WICHITA OVERALL AND SHIRT MANUFACTURING CO. MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF Overalls, Jeans, Cassimere and Cottoned Pants; Duck Lined Coats and Vests; Fancy Flannel and Cotton Overalls; Canvas Flannel Undershirts, Drawers, Etc. Factory and Salesroom 139 N. Topeka, Wichita. Correspondence Solicited.

Wholesale Notions. We are Ready for the Fall Business. Our stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Fancy Goods, Furnishing Goods, Stationery, School Supplies, Druggist and Grocery Sundries is as complete in variety as will be found any place in the west, and at prices to merit the attention of the closest Cash Buyers. MAXWELL & MCCLURE, 287 and 239 South Main Street.

LEHMANN-HIGGINSON GROCER CO, Wholesale Grocers, 203 AND 205 N. WATER STREET. Sole Agents for the Celebrated Jersey Coffee, the best package coffee in the market.

FOLKLORE OF THE PUEBLO INDIANS. How the Old Inhabitants of New Mexico Hand Down Their Traditions. Despite all their progress in civilization, despite their mental and physical aptitudes and their excellent moral qualities, the Teewahns are in some things, but overgrown children. Their religion is one of the most complicated systems on earth. Besides the highest deities all the forces of nature, all animals, as well as many things that are inanimate, are invested by them with supernatural powers. They do not worship idols, but images and tokens of unseen powers are revered. They do nothing without some reason, generally a religious one, and whatever they observe they can explain in their own superstitious way.

Every custom they have and every belief they own has a reason which to them is all sufficient, and for each they have a story. There is no duty to which a Pueblo child is trained in which he has to do with the bare command, "Do thus;" for each he learns a fairy tale designed to explain how right the deed is, and that it was right to do thus, and detailing the sad results which befall those who disobey.

It is from this wonderful folklore of the Teewahns that I have learned—after long study of the people, their language, customs and myths—and taken, unchanged and unembellished, this series of Indian fairy tales.

The use of books is not only to tell, but to preserve; not only for today, but for ever. What an Indian wishes to perpetuate must be saved by tongue and ear, by "telling down," as were the world's first histories and poems. This oral transmission from father to son is of sacred importance with natives. Upon it depends the preservation of the amusements, the history, the beliefs, the customs, and the laws of their race. A people less observant, less accurate of speech and of memory, would make a sad failure of this sort of record; but with them it is a wonderful success. The story goes down from generation to generation, almost without the change of a word.

Here in Isleta, the quaint pueblo of the Teewahns where I am living, I have become deeply interested not only in the folk stories themselves, but also in the manner of handing them down. Winter is the season for story telling. Then the thirty fields no longer cry for water, the irrigating ditches have ceased to gnaw at their banks and the men are often at leisure.

Then of an evening if I go out to visit some vecino (neighbor) I am likely to find in the great adobe living room a group of very old men and very young boys gathered about the queer little corner fireplace with its blazing upright sticks. They, too, have come a-visiting. The young men are gathered in another corner by themselves, eating roasted corn and talking in whispers so as not to disturb their elders, for respect to age is the corner stone of all Indian training. They are not required to listen to the stories, being supposed to know them already.

As I come in, kindly old Tata (grandfather) Lorenzo is just beginning a story in the musical Teewahni, and one of the boys runs to bring me a little horn wooden stool that I may join the circle. Lorenzo pauses to make a cigarette from the material in my pouch (they call me "Por Todos," because I have tobacco "for all"), explains for my benefit that this is a story of the beginning of Isleta, puts the head of the chubby boy at his knee, and begins again.—C. L. Lummis in St. Nicholas.

DELIGHTS OF YACHTING. By a Fellow Who Was Taken Aboard for Ballast. I assisted at a yacht race about ten days ago, and the doctor says that I may sit up and bed now and write an account of it. It is believed by the general public that I am drowned, but my physician informs me that this is not true. Many letters of condolence have been received by members of my family and placed on file. One is from the captain of the yacht that I sailed on. He closes by saying that it must be a great comfort to my friends to reflect that in life I made as good shifting ballast as he ever used. This captain is a rough seaman, but it will be noticed that his heart is on the right side. I regard him as a physiological phenomenon.

My weight, at times when I have not recently been drowned, is about 340 pounds. They wanted me to sit on the windward side to keep the yacht level, and I was expected to sing "Landward and Aboard," "White Wings" and "The Wreck of the Java La Pante" at stated intervals. I did not know these songs, but I gave my pants a hitch and sang "Gathering in the Sheaves" in a manner that made the captain look sad.

We carried about half an acre of canvas and plowed the bilious merrily. This caused me to sing a few verses of "The Plowboy's Joy," which everybody pronounced timely and appropriate. The captain said that everything depended upon me. I was to lie flat under the windward rail and be down hard. He said he would like to have me weigh as near a ton as I could. I was admonished to avoid drawing in long, deep breaths as much as possible, because air was light and it would not do for me to be making a balloon out of myself at a critical time like that. The mate suggested that I might do all the breathing that was necessary when the yacht was in stays and hold my breath when she was on a tack.

At about this juncture the yacht capsized. There were five life preservers on board—one for each man. The reader who does not suppose that I possessed myself of these life preservers in a hurry does not understand my grating nature. I should like to tell you that I would try to save the life preservers if they would endeavor to rescue the pig iron that was inside of the yacht. Then I kicked myself from the wreckage and floated off. Our noble captain was the first man to leave the yacht. "Save yourselves!" he cried. "New mind me, I have no wife nor little ones at home."

This was true, for his family had gone to Ypsilanti on a visit. Then this self-sacrificing man took a large chew of tobacco and calmly waited for a boat to come and take him off. He knew that the yacht had air enough stowed away to float her, but he didn't want any company.

The other members of the crew overtook me and seized all of the life preservers. I am informed that my remains were subsequently recovered and were "worked" for all there was in them by the life saving crew.

Yachting is a manly and pleasant diversion. Therefore I have bought a farm in the interior of Kansas.—Hervey Smith Towner in Detroit Free Press.

From the Heart. "I wish I had saved my money enough to pay my debts," said an impecunious Anatin man sadly.

"Why do you feel so badly about it?" inquired an acquaintance. "It is your debtors who feel badly, not you. Why do you wish you had saved my money enough to pay your debts?"

"Well, if I only had, I would be the richest man in this town."—Texas Sittings.

Not Treating Him Right. Bell Boy—You gave me an old pair of trousers this morning that you said you didn't want, and I thanked you for them. Green—Well, what of it? Bell Boy—I want to take back the thanks, I have just found out that you didn't leave anything in the pockets.—Clothes and Furnishers.

Returns of the Wanderer. There was a silver-headed sage. With head bowed down before. His pained hands would scarcely stir. The lacerating from the door. A parcel in his arm had he. "I have been here for two years, and I have seen no sickness yet among the boys."—Texas Sittings.

He wanted to see his wife, and then he passed, as if in death. Before he died, he thought he hoped. The instant would be out.

He wanted to see his wife, and then he passed, as if in death. Before he died, he thought he hoped. The instant would be out.

He wanted to see his wife, and then he passed, as if in death. Before he died, he thought he hoped. The instant would be out.

He wanted to see his wife, and then he passed, as if in death. Before he died, he thought he hoped. The instant would be out.

He wanted to see his wife, and then he passed, as if in death. Before he died, he thought he hoped. The instant would be out.

He wanted to see his wife, and then he passed, as if in death. Before he died, he thought he hoped. The instant would be out.

He wanted to see his wife, and then he passed, as if in death. Before he died, he thought he hoped. The instant would be out.

He wanted to see his wife, and then he passed, as if in death. Before he died, he thought he hoped. The instant would be out.

F. P. MARTIN, Wholesale and Retail Artists Materials, Pictures, Frames, etc. First quality French Canvas for decorating. Everything in the line of Artists' Materials at St. Louis in Chicago prices. The only exclusive Art Store in the state. Mail Orders promptly attended. Telephone 28. 114 NORTH MARKET ST.

SOLIDAY BROS. Manufacturers of High Grade Baking Powders, Fruit Extracts and Vinegars. Grinders of Pure Spices. Tea Importers. 127 & 129 N. Market St.

M. DERMODY & CO. PLUMBERS. Steam and Hot Water Heating. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Pumps, Plumber's Steam Fittings and Engineers Supplies. 110, 112, 114, S. Lawrence Ave. Telephone 81.

Established in 1877. Huse & Charlton Crockery Company, Importers and Jobbers of CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, PLATED-WARE and CUTLERY. 270 North Main Street, Wichita, Kansas. Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention.

THE C. E. POTTS DRUG CO. (Formerly Charles E. Potts & Co., Cincinnati, O.) WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. Goods Sold at St. Louis and Kansas City Prices. 233 and 235 South Main Street, - - - - - Wichita, Kansas.

—LEWIS B. SOLOMON— Wholesale Cigars, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, WICHITA, KANSAS.

Our leading brands of cent cigars are La Jara de Merito, La Flor de Sable, La Perle, Key Brand, and the famous Corona. Merchants who in order to receive prompt attention, all goods guaranteed. We also carry a full line of Key West Imported and Domestic Goods.

THE WICHITA OVERALL AND SHIRT MANUFACTURING CO. MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF Overalls, Jeans, Cassimere and Cottoned Pants; Duck Lined Coats and Vests; Fancy Flannel and Cotton Overalls; Canvas Flannel Undershirts, Drawers, Etc. Factory and Salesroom 139 N. Topeka, Wichita. Correspondence Solicited.

Wholesale Notions. We are Ready for the Fall Business. Our stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Fancy Goods, Furnishing Goods, Stationery, School Supplies, Druggist and Grocery Sundries is as complete in variety as will be found any place in the west, and at prices to merit the attention of the closest Cash Buyers. MAXWELL & MCCLURE, 287 and 239 South Main Street.

LEHMANN-HIGGINSON GROCER CO, Wholesale Grocers, 203 AND 205 N. WATER STREET. Sole Agents for the Celebrated Jersey Coffee, the best package coffee in the market.

FOLKLORE OF THE PUEBLO INDIANS. How the Old Inhabitants of New Mexico Hand Down Their Traditions. Despite all their progress in civilization, despite their mental and physical aptitudes and their excellent moral qualities, the Teewahns are in some things, but overgrown children. Their religion is one of the most complicated systems on earth. Besides the highest deities all the forces of nature, all animals, as well as many things that are inanimate, are invested by them with supernatural powers. They do not worship idols, but images and tokens of unseen powers are revered. They do nothing without some reason, generally a religious one, and whatever they observe they can explain in their own superstitious way.

Every custom they have and every belief they own has a reason which to them is all sufficient, and for each they have a story. There is no duty to which a Pueblo child is trained in which he has to do with the bare command, "Do thus;" for each he learns a fairy tale designed to explain how right the deed is, and that it was right to do thus, and detailing the sad results which befall those who disobey.

It is from this wonderful folklore of the Teewahns that I have learned—after long study of the people, their language, customs and myths—and taken, unchanged and unembellished, this series of Indian fairy tales.

The use of books is not only to tell, but to preserve; not only for today, but for ever. What an Indian wishes to perpetuate must be saved by tongue and ear, by "telling down," as were the world's first histories and poems. This oral transmission from father to son is of sacred importance with natives. Upon it depends the preservation of the amusements, the history, the beliefs, the customs, and the laws of their race. A people less observant, less accurate of speech and of memory, would make a sad failure of this sort of record; but with them it is a wonderful success. The story goes down from generation to generation, almost without the change of a word.

Here in Isleta, the quaint pueblo of the Teewahns where I am living, I have become deeply interested not only in the folk stories themselves, but also in the manner of handing them down. Winter is the season for story telling. Then the thirty fields no longer cry for water, the irrigating ditches have ceased to gnaw at their banks and the men are often at leisure.

Then of an evening if I go out to visit some vecino (neighbor) I am likely to find in the great adobe living room a group of very old men and very young boys gathered about the queer little corner fireplace with its blazing upright sticks. They, too, have come a-visiting. The young men are gathered in another corner by themselves, eating roasted corn and talking in whispers so as not to disturb their elders